



H. A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher.

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

TERMS, \$2 per year in advance.

VOLUME 3.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1869.

NUMBER 18.

DENTISTRY.

The undersigned, a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, which place he will visit on the fourth Monday of each month, to remain one week.

SAM'L BELFORD D. D. S.

DR. H. B. MILLER,

Attn. G. B. Pa.

Operative and Mechanical DENTIST.

Office removed to Virginia street, opposite the Lutheran church. Persons from Cambria county or elsewhere who get work done by me to the amount of Ten Dollars and upwards, will have the railroad fare deducted from their bills. ALL WORK WARRANTED. [Jan. 21, 1869.-f.]

DR. D. W. ZIEGLER, Surgeon Dentist,

will visit Ebensburg professionally on the SECOND MONDAY of each month, and remain one week, during which time he may be found at the Mountain House. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrate Oxide, or Laughing Gas.

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,

under his professional services as Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Carrollton and vicinity. Office in rear of building occupied by J. Buck & Co. as a store. Night calls can be made at his residence, one floor south of A. Haug's tin and hardware store. [May 9, 1867.]

R. DEVEREAUX, M. D., Phys.

Office at end of Main street, on Rail Road street. Night calls may be made at the office. [May 23, 67.]

R. J. LLOYD, successor to R. S. Buss,

Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, &c. Store on Main street, opposite the Mansion House, Ebensburg, Pa. October 17, 1867.-6m.

LLOYD & Co., Bankers,

Ebensburg, Pa. Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made in all accessible points in the United States, and a general banking business transacted.

W. M. LLOYD & Co.,

BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA. Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made—money received on deposit, payable on demand without interest, or upon time, with interest at fair rates. an31.

FRANK W. HAY,

Wholesale and Retail Manufacturer of TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE, Canal street, below Clinton, Johnstown, Pa. A large stock constantly on hand.

J. R. JOHNSON, J. R. SCANLAN,

Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa. Office opposite the Court House. Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1867.-tf.

JOHN P. LINTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, Pa.—Office in the Exchange building, on the corner of Clinton and Locust streets—up stairs. Will attend to all business connected with his profession. [Jan. 31, 1867.-tf.]

WILLIAM KITTELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in Colonnade Row, Centre street. Jan. 31, 1867.-tf.

L. PERSHING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Johnstown, Pa. Office on Franklin street, upstairs, over John Benton's Hardware Store. Jan. 31, 1867.

W. M. SECHLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Ebensburg, Pa. Office in rooms recently occupied by Geo. M. Reade, Esq., in Colonnade Row, Centre street. [aug. 27.]

GEO. M. READE, Attorney-at-Law,

Ebensburg, Pa. Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street. [aug. 27.]

JAMES C. EASLY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Carrollton, Cambria Co., Pa. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Jan. 31, 1867.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of sundry writs of Pin, Levari Facias and Vend. Expon. issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County, and to me directed, there will be sold to Public Sale, at the Foster House in Johnstown, on SATURDAY the 27th day of MAY, at 10 o'clock, p. m., the following Real Estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of Chas. Platt, of, in and to the following described building and lot of ground, to wit: A dwelling house of two stories, (frame), having a front of 24 feet and a depth of 32 feet, situated on Stony Creek street, at the foot of Leverage street, in the Borough of Johnstown, and built upon a certain lot of ground belonging to said Charles Platt, which said lot is triangular in shape, and bounded by Stony Creek street, (at the foot of Leverage street), Stony Creek and an alley which divides the lot of Charles Platt from the property of Jacob Leverage. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Charles Platt.

Also, all the right, title and interest of James F. Howard and Charles Platt, of, in and to a lot of ground situated in the Borough of Johnstown, Cambria county. Said lot is triangular in shape and bounded by Stony Creek street, Stony Creek and an alley which divides said lot from the property of Jacob Leverage, having thereon erected a two-story frame house, now in the occupancy of Charles Platt. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Sam'l Platt, now for use of Schenck & Lang et al.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Jacob Fyock, of, in and to a lot of ground situated in Frankintown, Conemaugh township, Cambria county, fronting 50 feet on Main street, and extending back 130 feet to the old town line, and adjoining with the north and east side of John Fyock's lot, having thereon erected a one and a half story plank house, plank stable and carpenter shop. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Sam'l Platt, now for use of Schenck & Lang et al.

Also, all the right, title and interest of W. H. Springer, of, in and to the following described building and lot of ground, to wit: A two-story frame dwelling house, having a front of 16 feet and 6 inches and a depth of 24 feet and 2 inches, and is situated upon a certain lot or piece of ground within the county of Cambria, more particularly described as follows: Said lot has a front of 50 feet on a street on the plot of Murrayville, and extends back 130 feet to the old town line, and is bounded on the north and east side by lands of the Johnstown Manufacturing Company, and is marked and known on the plan of lots in Murrayville by the No. 5. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Johnstown Mechanics' Work Co.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Samuel Carmichael, of, in and to the following described building and lot of ground, to wit: That certain two-story plank house or building situated in the township of Conemaugh and county of Cambria, fronting 26 feet on the Scalp Level Turnpike extending back 18 feet, plank ed, weatherboarded and painted—the lot on which the building is erected having an alley on one side, lot of John Beam on the other side, the turnpike in front and ground of Nicholas K. Hite, in rear and the lot of Charles Platt, on either side or cartilage appurtenant to said building. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Charles Hefrick.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Levi Jacoby, of, in and to two lots of ground situated in Conemaugh township, Cambria county, fronting on the east side of the Johnstown and Scalp Level Turnpike, and extending back to Solomon's Run, adjoining lot of James Mellon on the one side and lot of School House No. 6 on the other, having thereon erected a two-story plank house, with one and a half story attached, and a plank stable, now in the occupancy of Levi Jacoby. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of L. B. Cohlack.

PETITION FOR DIVORCE.—CAMBRIA COUNTY.—The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of Cambria County, Greeting: Whereas ANNIE M. CALLISTER, by her next friend, David Z. Black, doth, on the 7th day of September, A. D. 1868, prefer her petition to your Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, praying for the cause therein set forth, that she, said Annie M. Callister, might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with Nason M. Callister.

WE THEREFORE DO COMMAND YOU, the said Nason M. Callister, as we have heretofore commanded you, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in person before the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas for Cambria County, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the said County of Cambria, on the first Monday of June next, to answer the petition or libel of her said Annie M. Callister, and to show cause, if any you have, why she, said Annie M. Callister, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the acts of General Assembly in such cases made and provided; and hereof fail not.

Witness the Honorable George Taylor, President Judge of our said Court, at Ebensburg, the 16th day of December, A. D. 1868.

Attest—JOHN A. BLAIR, Sheriff. (May 6, 69.)

NEW CHEAP CASH STORE

BUCK'S MILLS, Allegheny Township.

The subscriber would respectfully announce to his friends and the public in general that he has just opened at Buck's Mills a large and superb stock of seasonal merchandise, consisting of all kinds of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, GROCERIES, FURNITURE, HARDWARE, and all other articles usually kept in a country store.

SPLENDID FARM FOR SALE.

The well known and valuable BREKE FARM, located in Summerhill township, Cambria county, one a half miles from Willow station, and containing 249 ACRES, in good condition, well fenced and having thereon erected a dwelling house and other necessary buildings, together with two splendid orchards and no lack of excellent water, is offered for sale on moderate terms and easy payments. For further information apply to or address: J. McGOIGLE, Hemlock, Pa. R. R., May 6, 1869.-tf.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Having been appointed Executor of the last Will and Testament of ROBERT WILLIAMS, late of Cambria township, deceased, the subscriber hereby notifies all persons indebted to the estate of said decedent that payment must be made to him without delay, and those having claims against the same are requested to present them properly authenticated for settlement. WILLIAM LARIMER, Cambria Tp., May 6, 1869, 61. Executor

The Poet's Department.

FATHER, TAKE MY HAND.

The way is dark, my Father, Cloud on cloud is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud The thunder roars above me. See, I stand Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand, And through the gloom Lead safely home Thy child.

The day goes fast, my Father! And my soul is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight Sees ghastly visions. Fears, a spectral band, Encompass me. O, Father, take my hand, And from the night Lead up to light Thy child.

The way is long, my Father! And my soul longs For the rest and quiet of the goal; While yet I journey through the weary land Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand! Quickly and straight Lead to heaven's gate Thy child.

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn Has pierced me, and my weary feet, all torn And fainting, mark the way. Yet Thy command Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand; Then, safe and blest, Lead up to rest Thy child.

The throng is great, my Father! Many a doubt And fear and danger compass me about. And foot oppress me. I cannot stand Or go alone. O Father! take my hand, And through the throng Lead safe along Thy child.

The cross is heavy! I have borne It long, and still do bear it. Let my word And fainting cry give rise to that blest hand Where crows are given. Father, take my hand, And reaching down, Lead to the crown Thy child.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

A THRILLING REMINISCENCE.

BY GEORGE H. CROGGER.

When I was a boy of sixteen, a cousin of mine, motherless girl, named Adelaide Starr, came to make her home with our family. We lived in the city, and I, who had neither brother nor sister, was very glad of so charming a companion. She was two years younger than myself, but rather tall for her age, with rich, auburn hair, a clear, animated complexion, and a mind at once sparkling and thoughtful. She came to us in a Spring, and my first recollections of her are associated with the May flowers. As they flared singly in the woods, we enjoyed frequent rambles, and I took delight in cutting for her the wild June roses that grew in profusion beside a pond, which in winter was the skating resort for all the young people of the neighborhood.

It occupied a picturesque though lonely spot, the surrounding woodlands slanting out all human habitations, with the exception of the mad-house or lunatic asylum upon a hill a mile distant. Adelaide was charmed with the bright waters and the surrounding wealth of wild flowers. Little did she imagine a very different scene in which upon this very spot she would be called to act.

I related to her the skating feats of the previous winter, and once, I told her the story of "Crazy Ziah," now confined in the madhouse. Poor Isaiah! His calamity originated upon the pond. Here, years before I was born, had his reason gone out. But it was not while the birds sang, or the green frogs plunged, or the turtle peeped. Addie looked about her as if wondering whether the catastrophe happened by the gray stones just visible above the water, or by the rosebush upon the jet of land, or away in the centre of the lake. Then she gazed so pensively at the structure upon the hill that I repeated having saddened her with the tale.

She, too, was a famous skater; at least, I judged so from her enthusiasm upon the subject, and from her half wishing it was winter, and I judged rightly, for was she not yet to owe the preservation of that lovely head to the dexterity of those fairy feet?

As time passed, we became more attached to each other from constant association. At last came the winter. The great pond was frozen from end to end, and no skater who swept its surface could rival Adelaide Starr. I could imagine her a swallow with slining crest and beautiful bright wings. Often on the moonlight evenings, while the steel rang out and the madhouse was dimly shown in the distance, I pictured the skating sports of other generations and the catastrophe to him who was now called "Crazy Ziah."

Once in the old time, a number of very young boys came down to the pond. One of them, a bright lad of ten years, was named Isaiah Marvin. It was a dark evening, and the unpractised little fellows met with many a mishap. There were seams in the ice which caught their skates; there were treacherous sticks lying about it; and there were holes which they could not see. So, one and another fell; but it was as children generally fall—merely to spring up unharmed. Some stumbled into the springy places in the pond. What would mother or Aunt Mary say when the wet stockings should go home?

Isaiah was the only tolerably fine skater there was among them. From the northern extremity of the ice, where the deep

spring hole was, away he swept to the end, till the figure was lost among the famous islands of wild rose-bushes, all leafless and frozen. Wheeling round, he had just started to return, when another boy, skating in the opposite direction, having slipped upon a loose stick, plunged heavily against him.

Isaiah was hurled backward, striking his head upon the ice, and then he remained motionless. The blow was so violent that it made a starlike imprint in the glossy floor. Vainly his terrified companions lifted his head, or moved the small feet and hands. With his cap lying near him—with the red and white comforter about his neck, and the skates upon his feet, he lay in silence.

The boys drew together to counsel.— They were horribly frightened—the poor little fellows! for the loneliness was terrible, there on the black ice in the darkness, with their seemingly dead companion.

Crying, whispering or declaiming in round-eyed terror, the little lads canvassed their position. They had heard of dreadful murders—they had heard that boys had been hung? Grandmother had told them so—Aunt Clara and Uncle John had told them so. Boys had been hung! Wouldn't they be hung? Wouldn't people say that they had killed Isaiah, just as the boys whom grandmother told them of had killed their playmate? And then they would have ropes put around their necks and be drawn in a cart?

Subs and downright crying voices than ever, attested to their credulity as this view of the case was taken.

The children of that day were not like those of the present. They were more ignorant, more simple, more the victims of imaginary and numberless terrors.— And at last, Ziah's comrades, in their nine and ten-year-old simplicity, resolved to conceal his body under the ice. They dragged him towards the spring at the north end—red and white comforter, poor little skates and all, and there they hid him down, close to the open water.

Then one boy hesitated, and the hesitation soon grew to positive objection.— Another joined him, and again they all came to a debate upon the matter.

Those who insisted upon the concealment, feeling themselves galled, and yet anxiously involved in horrors, finally took off their skates and ran crying away. The others were about following, with intention of seeking aid, when Isaiah showed signs of life. How the poor boys cried for joy! They stepped beside their playmate and raised his poor head, and tried to lift him to his feet. The arrival of other persons happily relieved them, and Isaiah was carried home.

From that hour he had known but little. Always in winter his insanity was worse than at other seasons, and though forty years had passed since the accident, he was still at times a raving maniac.— Once, escaping from the madhouse, he had come down at midnight to the pond. There, in the morning his keeper had found him. The neighbors were summoned to assist in his capture, and all were terrified by his fantastic gestures.— He was a very large man, of immense muscular power.

The story of Isaiah made a deep impression upon Adelaide. In the beginning of winter she had dreamed that a monstrous madman pursued her about the pond, and even after, when skaking there at evening, she betrayed some timidity.

In January, the ice, which had been roughened by the skate-irons, thawed entirely, and shortly after the pond froze smooth as glass. I communicated to Addie the intelligence, much to her delight. The area was larger than usual, and no one had been upon the new ice.

We set out for the scene at evening, thinking to find a number of our acquaintances there; but in this we were disappointed. The former boys, with their sweethearts and sisters, were enjoying the sleighing—a snow having fallen just previous to the freezing of the pond. I fastened the skates upon Adelaide's little boots—real skating boots, which she had just washed through the snow with— and away she glided as if borne upon the air.

The excellent condition of the ice, gave her artistic powers full play. In the clear central space she made rapid circles, then darting out at an angle she swept backward with wonderful swiftness.

At length, while we were widely separated, she uttered a wild cry, as if greatly terrified. Hastening to her assistance, I beheld, standing at the mouth of an inlet about twenty feet in width, the gigantic figure of a man. He was bare-headed, with bristling hair and a horribly fierce aspect. Beyond him, and between the hedge-like lines of wild rosebushes, stood Adelaide, her beautiful arms upraised in frantic terror.

As I approached, he turned towards me. The frightened girl, seeing his attention diverted, endeavored to escape by passing him. Instantly he rushed towards her, and as she wheeled despairingly back, I glided close under his arm and reached her side. The inlet was a dozen rods long, narrowing as it went; but near its extremity was another arm of ice branching from this, and reaching in a circuitous manner back to the pond.— Away we went, at such speed as we had skated we used till now.

"He will kill us! he will kill us!" cried Addie. "We cannot get out! O, it is so narrow!"

But narrow still was the arm at our right—not more than two feet wide, and intervals almost wholly lost.

"Quick, Addie! Turn here—I will follow!" We darted aside upon the maniac.— But the advantage was his, and without waiting to reach the point where he had turned, he came crashing through the bushes to intercept us. It was a terrible moment. At what point would he cross our path? How we flew upon our sure-footed skates! Little round hammocks, patches of deep moss, "white ice," and ugly sticks—everything, seemed in our way. And the madman thundering through the crackling brush!

Once Adelaide ran straight over an island of bellers, and bog, and snow, because in her terror she had missed the little channel. But the maniac was too late. He rushed into the path at a point just behind us, and soon all three stood upon the wide pond.

The peril was now greatly lessened, yet to escape from our position without aid would be impossible. Our sole hope was in remaining upon the ice, where, if Adelaide's nerves could sustain her under the dreadful trial, I felt that we would be able to avoid the madman's grasp. From his wild ejaculations, it became evident that his object was the possession of Addie's head, from which he intended to manufacture a "skate boat." The gleam of a dangerous-looking knife put his proposition in a fearfully practical light.

He was Isaiah Marvin. Cold as was the night, his feet were clothed only with stockings—a most unfortunate circumstance for Addie and me, as they prevented us from slipping. He may have lost his shoes in the rough pastures which his poor crazy steps had crossed.

Again he pursued us. The neighbors were too distant to have heard, had we cried out, and therefore in silence, and hand-in-hand, we darted hither and thither. His agility was remarkable, yet our evolutions were abundantly more rapid than his pursuit. It was not pleasant, this dodging away from corners, this attempt to keep the middle of the area, this getting in and out of "checks." One false move, and then—Addie's head for a skate-boat!

At last he paused, looked all about him, and muttered incoherently in his fearful gibberish. Then leaping aside, he seized a dry branch which lay at the foot of a tree beside the pond. It was long and heavy. With this he resumed the chase, launching the missile at us, or sweeping it around us, as we wheeled to avoid him.

Now, in very despair at our situation, I began to shout as often as I could get breath, yet I was not disappointed that no one came from the far-off road or the farmer's dwellings.

Away to the south end we swept in our now increasing panic, the madman at our heels with his huge stick. There we wheeled. Our pursuer was a good distance behind, but as we glided around to double upon him, he hurled his club like a "boomerang." Striking the ice, it spun towards our feet, and though we leaped up to avoid it, the catastrophe came. A ringing of steel made my heart sick. Adelaide tumbled, and clung to me with both hands, while far out upon the ice, the runner of her little skate slid jingling away!

The madman yelled like a wild beast. How cunning he was, how quick he was to perceive his advantage! But there was still hope. Keeping Addie's hand in mine, while she balanced herself upon one little foot, I drew her swiftly beyond the reach of those dreadful arms, skating as I had never skated till then.

Around and around we went, and now that Addie's safety depended wholly upon myself, I felt that I should never grow weary. Yet how long would she be able to glide upon one foot? And would not that dreadful forest branch be again thrown with fearful accuracy? It was thrown—it came again and again, and I felt that in some way the end of this scene must be near.

In spite of my resolution, I grew in want of breath. I was becoming maddened. At the north end of the pond I nearly skated into the deep, open spring. The maniac was closely following. Perceiving the gleam of water, I bore heavily on the heel to avoid it, when again the huge branch glided along the ice, and both feet were struck from under me—Addie at the same instant falling by my side. The madman's club, continuing its course, splashed into the pool.

The maniac himself, coming at full speed, rushed directly over us. He caught at Addie's cap in his wild career, snatching it from her head. Thrown from his balance by our prostrate forms, and unable to check his course, he plunged headlong into the spring.

The ice beneath Adelaide and myself was yielding, and it required all our activity to escape from our position. Then instantly throwing off our skates, we ran homeward.

An hour later, when the neighbors visited the pond, the madman was found still alive in the deep water, supporting himself by clinging to the ice and to the dry branch which he had placed upon it. The shock had dispelled his frenzy, and in a state of utter exhaustion he was carried back to the asylum.

SI SLOCUM TO JENNIE JUNE.

Jennie June, languishing in "slavery gilded," not having anything else to do, wrote a letter concerning the status of "dear woman," and sent the same to the Hartford Times. The editor, a good-natured fellow, well known for his devotion to the fair sex generally, out of pure gallantry, and being a little short of "copy" at the time, published Jennie's jaundiced jeremiad, and at the close of the same expressed the hope that his fair correspondent might be "all that God intended her to be," which was gentlemanly on his part, and proved him to be the good-natured fellow we asserted.

Jennie opens with a conundrum, thus: "Will the time ever come when women will be burnt free to do and be whatever they can—free to decide their own destiny, without the compelling pressure, in any given direction, from friends or foes?"

And then adds doubtfully, "It may," but gives up for "this generation," at least.

That's a poser, Jennie, that conundrum, and at present no solution can be given. We might say "Yes," but you would shake your head and say, "I can't believe it." If we said "No," you would shake your little fist at us and say, "I won't believe it." We couldn't convince you either way, poor victim of "slavery gilded," and so we "give it up."

As to your doing and being whatever you can—what, where is the bar? You are debarr'd, by reason of female suffrage not being recognized, from Congress, we will admit; but State prisons are open to you as to men, and of two evils you should choose the least. What else is there that you cannot grasp if you have the ability and courage to "do and dare"—and necessary capital? If you haven't these requisites which many men lack, it's your misfortune and not our fault—isn't it?

Tell us what you can't "do," and "be," outside of voting, and Congresswoman, Sculpture, painting, authorship and editorial duties are open to you, and you have the taste, ability, genius and will to enter these fields. You "trench the young idea how to shoot," pretty extensively, and should be, and no doubt you are, proud of it. In your ranks are lecturers, preachers, physicians, actresses, fortune-tellers, colporteurs, saleswomen, book-keepers, etc. The arts and sciences, polite and useful, are all open to you—

You may study law if you wish, though clients might be a little fearful lest their secrets would out; you may discuss politics with the greatest "freedom," though having as yet, but little voice in national or municipal affairs, you are not entirely left out in the cold, post offices and Treasury e's-kips being within your reach.

Run your millinery establishments, bar rooms, peanut stands, and sundry and divers other institutions of emolument and profit, and if you don't like city life you can go to farming—two young ladies of Iowa have lately taken up land in that State, and are now running a farm on their own hook.

There's the tenorial profession—nothing to hinder you from monopolizing this branch of industry, and we can promise you a fruitful field here. You could have all our custom. Who would go to Tom Higgins's shop when they could go to Jennie June's?

With the exception of voting and being Congresswomen, there is nothing, Jennie, you are not "free to do and be," even speculating in Erie and becoming stock gamblers, if you possess the requisite will and ability, and necessary capital. Had you the Erie-pressible qualities of Fisk, Jr., like him you could go it with a perfect looseness—pray what's to hinder?

But if you have only the qualities and nature of the dear gazelle, how do you expect to play the lion?

Some of the fraternity of women don't seem to be best at their heads as yet. Read: "Mrs. Dolly Chandler and one hundred and ninety-four other women have sent a remonstrance to the Massachusetts Legislature against women suffrage believing that it would 'diminish the purity the dignity, and the moral influence of women, and bring into the family circle a dangerous element of discord, without additional strength, efficiency, or wisdom to the government of the nation,' and ask to be let alone, 'in the condition allotted to us by nature, custom and religion.'"

In addition to all that you now do and might do, of a useful nature, you are not restricted in your amusements and recreations. You have your orders, societies and clubs; you drive fast horses, play billiards, risk more or less in games of chance, such as "dollar stores," etc., as much perhaps, as the men in the great game of chance—Matrimony. You have your junketings at Delmonico's and other places, you—well, what don't you do?

"The husband is proud of his wife; he would not let her soil her white hands for the world; and he is delighted to gratify her every wish to the extent of his means. In society, and even at home, he is apparently her slave. And she boasts of his ready attention to her every behest, by water through the trunks and branches of the trees, were made to sing and clap their wings; but by the sudden appearance of an owl out of a bush of the same artifice, they immediately all became mute and silent."—World of Wonder.

pendent—"free?" There was no law compelling her to marry him, and nothing in the "Constitution" as amended (1) to that effect. Even if the old gentleman was determined upon the match, all she had to do at the altar was to muster up a little pluck and say "No." Fudge, Jennie, all fudge, this talk about "independence." Who is independent!—N. Y. Leader.

DECEIT OF SONG WRITERS.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

The man who wrote "Home, Sweet Home," never had a home.—EXCHANGE. No, of course not. All his folks at home say he didn't. Nobody who writes about anything ever has it. If a man is out of anything he immediately goes and writes about it. No one writes so many "headings" as the man who is out of his head.

Certainly he didn't have any home. The man who wrote "Old Arm Chair" never had an arm chair in all his life. The bed he had was so old it split bottom chair without any back to it.

The author of "Take me back to Switzerland" never was in Switzerland. The nearest he ever came to it was sitting in the W. Tell saloon eating Swiss base—base why, that was the best he could do.

"Mother, I've come Home to Die" hasn't spoken to the old woman for years, and wouldn't go near the house. Besides, he is one of that class of spiritualists who don't believe they will ever die. His health was never better. His mother is nothing but a mother-in-law, and she is dead, anyhow.

There is the author of "Old Oaken Bucket." Too; there wasn't a bucket on the whole farm, water being drawn with a well and a cistern pole.

"I had but a thousand a year" stated privately to his friends that he would be perfectly contented with half that sum, as he was doing chores just for his board and three months' schooling in the winter.

The author of "Champagne Charley" never drank anything but ten cent whiskey. The man who wrote "Mary had a little lamb" knew very well it was nothing but a little lamb-ry.

"Shells of Ocean" is a humbug. The plaintive poet who represents himself as wandering, one summer's eve, with sea-bent thought, on a peninsular shore, was raised in the interior of Pennsylvania, and never was ten miles away from home in all his life.—"Gathered Shells," did he? All the shells he ever gathered were some egg shells back of his mother's kitchen.

"I hear the angels singing" spent all his evenings in a concert beer saloon.—Angels, indeed!

The man who wrote the "Song of the Shirt" hadn't a shirt to his back, wearing a wammus for the most part.

"Oft in the Silly Night" used to get on a spree and make the silly night howl till day break.

The author of "We met by chance" knew very well it was all arranged before hand. He had been weeks in contriving it, and she admired his contrivance.

The author of "I know a bank" &c., didn't know one where he could get his note discounted. The only check he ever held was a white check on a faro bank.—He never had a red check in all his life.

"What are the wild waves saying?" knew very well they were reproaching him for running away from Long Branch without paying his hotel bill.

"Who will care for mother now?" Who, indeed! You took the old woman to the poor house just before writing the song, and there is nobody but the poormaster to care for her now.

"Hear me Norma," was deaf and dumb. He couldn't make his ears hear nor see.

"My mother dear" used to thrash the old woman within an inch of her life.

The author of "Rain on the roof" always slept in the basement, except when he slept out doors.

"Let me kiss him for his mother," got mad because his mother wouldn't have him, and whipped her little boy within an inch of his life.

"I dreamt I dwell in marble halls," used to cheat at marbles when a boy, and his dream was a horrid nightmare, brought on by remorse at the recollection of fraudulent marble halls.

"I'm saddest when I sing" was tickled almost to death when invited to.

"Happy by thy dreams," sold beezing whiskey. You can fancy what kind of dreams were produced by Long Branch without paying his hotel bill.

"No one to love,"